

SNUG HARBOR

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Snug Harbor in 1960

Snug Harbor is an oasis of convenience.

Down in Sung Harbor you can meet a pretty girl, buy her a ring in the jewelry store, have the notice of the engagement printed in the local newspaper, walk up the street and get married, come back and buy clothes for you wedding trip, have the travel agency plan your wedding trip, buy a house from a realtor and later buy toys for the children. You can discuss philosophy with Stuart Huckins, town affairs with Carl Santheson, watch the NYC races in the summer, the Frostbiters in the winter, shop for groceries while your car is getting greased, have a prescription filled, rent an apartment, buy a boat or birdseed, catch eels, dig clams, buy wedding invitations and mail them and gossip with your neighbors.

"You know," one Snug Harborite said snugly – we mean smugly – "the only thing you can't do is buy canned birds' nest soup or cash a check."